

she seemed in a fury and yet I felt that there was something sexy about it.  
Axuna continued to grow hair.  
the boy's head fell to the right side again.  
the tent began to darken.  
the girl grabbed the boy's head again  
and then  
slapped him across the face.  
it aroused me, I got hot.  
the girl had a wonderful shape  
and her body would not stay still.  
she pulled at the boy's hair and I  
heard him whimper.  
I was very close to climax.

then the lights came on and Axuna was an ape. the ape rattled the bars of the cage. the record told us that the cage was very strong and for us not to be afraid.

then the cage broke open and the ape leaped out.  
it ran toward the audience  
and then out an exit in the tent.

the show was over  
I looked at the girl who had boffed the paraplegic about.  
she had a bitter and impassioned face with a small round mouth.

I met my girlfriend outside.  
"how'd you like it?" she asked.  
"damned good show," I said.  
"what?" she couldn't believe it.

"I dug it, baby," I said.

"let's ride the ferris wheel," she said.

"no," I said, "let's end it on this high note."

## PANSONIC

I haven't killed all the roaches in this place but I've gotten most of them. there are two I can't get. they sit inside the plastic covering of my radio, Solid-State FM-AM, they sit inside where the red indicator selects the stations as I turn the knob. I only listen to FM on two

stations, KUSC and KFAC, in that order. they are both classical music stations.

those are cultured roaches. they heard Beethoven's 9th. last night and now they are listening to Brahms's 2nd. what they are feeding on I am not sure, but they sit very quietly. only their feelers move now and then.

that radio is changing them. they are even starting to look like music critics. by this, please understand that I mean no offense to the roaches.

## MEN IN URINALS

men get embarrassed and joke  
when there are long lines in urinals  
at sporting places  
racetracks and boxing stadiums:  
"hey, feel good! all this beer is gonna be recycled!"

"hey, is this where you place your bets?  
I wanna bet the four horse!"

"my mother gave me these shorts for my birthday  
but if you guys take any longer ...  
piss on my birthday present!"

"hey, man, if you shake that thing any longer  
I gotta believe you're beating your meat, man!"

"ah, hahaha! ah, hahaha!"

"hey! is this where you place your bets? I wanna  
bet on the six horse!"

"no, man, this ain't where you place your bets!  
this is where we beat our meat!"

"oh, hahaha! oh, hahaha!"

this is as close as men ever get to anarchy or communism  
or god or the devil or love or artistry or anything at all  
daring and humorous and lively; they do it in that jazzy  
tabernacle of confessionalism and reality: the men's  
urinal.

I'd like to hear what the girls do and say when they  
squat. man, it's gotta be  
good.